

THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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No. 8.

WHEN FOUND—

REGRET has often been expressed that the many contributions Dickens made to *Household Words* during his editorship of that periodical have not been reprinted. The difficulty of identifying them has always been the stumbling-block, for everything in the paper—excepting, of course, the serials—appeared anonymously. Many attempts have been made, from time to time, to distinguish Dickens's contributions by the style of the article, and have met with some curious results. All doubts can now be set aside, for the office book, in which were tabulated each week the titles of the articles and poems, with the authors' names and the prices paid for them, is in existence, and through the courtesy of the present owner we have been able to make a full and complete list of all that Dickens published in the pages of his famous periodical.

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We hope, as occasion will permit, to publish some of these in our pages. In the meantime, we may observe that some of the articles attributed to Dickens were not by him at all. To quote one instance only, on 16 June, 1855, appears "By Rail to Parnassus." This is not only attributed to Dickens in Kitton's and other bibliographies, but is quoted more than once in Professor Ward's volume on Dickens in the English *Men of Letters* series as being autobiographical. As a matter of fact, the article was written by Henry Morley.

* * *

Our readers will be greatly interested in our reprint this month of one of Dickens's unknown writings, and will thank us for bringing to light so excellent an example of the novelist's satirical skill. It does not perhaps exhibit him at his best, but it contains much that is unmistakably Dickensian. The whole thing is evidently a satire upon the report of a Commission that had been appointed to inquire into the moral condition of the Children and Young Persons employed in Mines and Manufactories, and it reflects his impatience with clericalism, which is hinted at so often in his letters.

* * *

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Dickens's original publishers, have just issued a special complete set of the works of the novelist which they have named, with the permission of the Council, "The Dickens Fellowship Edition," and dedicated to its members throughout the world. The volumes are printed from a good clear type, on excellent paper, and tastefully bound, forming a handsome library set. It comprises

the whole of Dickens's works, as is the case with all their editions, is in twenty-one volumes, and only sold in complete sets. The price of the set in cloth binding is two guineas net, and in the Roxburgh binding three guineas net.

* * *

News reaches us that Mr. Colin Covell has been compelled to resign his position of Hon. Secretary to the Brighton Branch. It was through the instrumentality of Mr. Covell that the Brighton Branch was formed on 12 December, 1903. He gathered together, by means of a letter to the various local papers, a few Dickens admirers, and at the first meeting he was elected Hon. Secretary *pro tem.*, which office he has held up to the present time. It is mainly through his energy and untiring enthusiasm that the branch has reached the flourishing position it now holds, with a membership well into the second hundred. Great credit is due to Mr. Covell for his successful efforts, and we feel sure that so ardent a Dickensian will continue to give his help and interest to the Fellowship in the future as a private member as he did as its chief local official.

* * *

The following amusing anecdote has recently appeared in print: A veteran cricketer sat in a village inn in the Dickens country discussing the season's prospects with his neighbour. Some one mentioned that the cricket pitch is cocoanut matting in tropical climes. "Gimme Dickens," said the aged cricketer. "'E knowed the game as what it ought to be." The inquirer congratulated the villager on his knowledge of Dickens. Was it due to free libraries? "I b'ain't no scholar," said the old man; "but they do say that Dickens wrote about cricket on the 'earth, and that's where I says it ought to be."

* * *

Mr. Frank Speaight has returned to England filled with enthusiasm for the American's love and appreciation of Dickens. The success of his recitals of *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield* was so pronounced that an extended tour has been arranged for him in the States and Canada commencing in January next.

* * *

It is interesting to note that the London County Council has decided to distinguish by a tablet the house No. 28 Bennett Street, Stamford Street, S.E., in which was born in 1817 John Leech, the artist whose name is so inseparably connected with *A Christmas Carol*.

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The frontispiece to our present number is reproduced from a drawing in the possession of Mr. J. Sturge Cotterell, J.P., of Bath. It first appeared on the menu and programme of the banquet given by the corporation of that city in honour of the unveiling of the tablet to Dickens over the house in St. James' Square on 7 February, 1903, and forms an excellent pictorial memento of the associations of the novelist with the ancient city.

THE EDITOR.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED
TO INQUIRE INTO THE CONDITION
OF THE PERSONS VARIOUSLY ENGAGED IN
THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD*

By CHARLES DICKENS

IT can scarcely be necessary for us to remind our readers that a Commission under the Great Seal was appointed some months since, to inquire into the deplorable amount of ignorance and superstition alleged to prevail in the University of Oxford; concerning which, the representatives of that learned body in the Commons' House of Parliament, had then, and have since, at divers times, publicly volunteered the most alarming and astounding evidence. The Commission was addressed to those gentlemen who had investigated the moral condition of the Children and Young Persons employed in Mines and Manufactories; it being wisely considered that their opportunities of reporting on the darkness of Colleges as compared with Mines, and on the prejudicial atmosphere of Seats of Learning as compared with Seats of Labour, would be highly advantageous to the public interest, and might possibly open the public eyes.

The Commissioners have ever since been actively engaged in pursuing their inquiries into this subject, and deducting from the mass of evidence such conclusions as appeared to them to be warranted by the facts. Their Report is now before us, and though it has not yet been presented to Parliament, we venture to give it entire.

The Commissioners find:

First, with regard to EMPLOYMENT:—

That the intellectual works in the University of Oxford are, in all essential particulars, precisely what they were when it was first established for the Manufacture of Clergymen. That they alone have stood still (or, in the very few instances in which they have moved at all, have moved backward), when all other works have advanced and improved. That the nature of the employment in which the young persons are engaged, is, by reason of its excessive dust and rust, extremely pernicious and destructive. That they all become short-sighted in a most remarkable degree. That, for the most part, they lose the use of their reason at a very early age, and are seldom known to recover it. That the most hopeless and painful extremes of deafness and blindness are frequent among them. That they are reduced to such a melancholy state of apathy and indifference as to be willing to sign anything, without asking what it is, or knowing what it means; which is a common custom with these unhappy persons, even to the extent of nine-and-thirty articles at once. That, from the monotonous nature of their employment, and the dull routine of their unvarying drudgery (which requires no exercise of original intellectual power, but is a mere parrot-like performance), they become painfully uniform in character and perception, and are reduced to one dead level (a very dead one, as your Commissioners believe) of mental imbecility. That cramps and paralysis of all the higher faculties of the brain, are the ordinary results of this system of labour. And your Commissioners

* Reprinted for the first time from *The Examiner*, 3 June, 1843.

can truly add, that they found nothing in the avocations of the miners of Scotland, the knife-grinders of Sheffield, or the workers in iron of Wolverhampton, one half so prejudicial to the persons engaged therein, or one half so injurious to society, as this fatal system of employment in the University of Oxford.

Secondly, with regard to the PREVAILING IGNORANCE:—

That the condition of the University of Oxford, under this head, is of the most appalling kind; insomuch that your Commissioners are firmly of opinion that, taking all the attendant circumstances into consideration, the Young Persons employed in Mines and Manufactories, are enlightened beings, radiant with intelligence, and overflowing with the best results of knowledge, when compared with the persons, young and old, employed in the Manufacture of Clergymen at Oxford. And your Commissioners have been led to this conclusion: not so much by the perusal of prize poems, and a due regard to the very small number of Young Persons accustomed to University Employment who distinguish themselves in after life, or become in anyway healthy and wholesome; as by immediate reference to the evidence taken on the two Commissions, and an impartial consideration of the two classes of testimony, side by side.

That it is unquestionably true that a boy was examined under the Children's Employment Commission, at Brinsley, in Derbyshire, who had been three years at school, and could not spell "Church"; whereas there is no doubt that the persons employed in the University of Oxford can all spell Church with great readiness, and, indeed, very seldom spell anything else. But, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that, in the minds of the persons employed in the University of Oxford, such comprehensive words as justice, mercy, charity, kindness, brotherly love, forbearance, gentleness, and Good Works, awaken no ideas whatever; while the evidence shows that the most preposterous notions are attached to the mere terms Priest and Faith. One young person, employed in a Mine, had no other idea of a Supreme Being than "that he had heard him constantly damned at"; but use the verb, to damn, in this horrible connexion with the Fountain Head of Mercy, in the active sense, instead of in the passive one; and make the Deity the nominative case instead of the objective; and how many persons, employed in the University of Oxford, have their whole faith in, and whole knowledge of, the Maker of the World, presented in a worse and far more impious sentence!

That the answers of persons employed in the said University, to questions put to them by the Sub-Commissioners in the progress of this inquiry, bespoke a moral degradation infinitely lower than any brought to light in Mines and Factories; as may be gathered from the following examples. A vast number of witnesses being interrogated as to what they understood by the words Religion and Salvation, answered Lighted Candles. Some said water; some, bread; others, little boys; others mixed the water, lighted candles, bread, and little boys all up together, and called the compound Faith. Others again, being asked if they deemed it to be a matter of great interest in Heaven, and of high moment in the vast scale of creation, whether a poor human priest should put on, at a certain time, a white robe or a black one; or should

turn his face to the East or to the West ; or should bend his knees of clay ; or stand, a worm on end upon the earth ; said, "Yes, they did" : and being further questioned, whether a man could hold such mummeries in his contempt, and pass to everlasting rest, said boldly, "No." (*See evidence of Pusey and others.*) And one boy (quite an old boy, too, who might have known better) being interrogated in a public class, as to whether it was his opinion that a man who professed to go to church, was of necessity a better man than one who went to chapel, also answered "Yes" ; which your Commissioners submit, is an example of ignorance, besotted dulness, and obstinacy, wholly without precedent in the inquiry limited to Mines and Factories ; and is such as the system of labour adopted in the University of Oxford, could alone produce. (*See evidence of Inglis.*) In the former commission, one boy anticipated all examination by volunteering the remark, "that he warn't no judge of nuffin" ; but the persons employed in the University of Oxford, almost to a man, concur in saying, "that they ain't no judges of nuffin" (with the unimportant exception of other men's souls) ; and that, believing in the divine ordination of any minister to whom they may take a fancy, "they ain't answerable for nuffin to nobody" ; which your Commissioners again submit, is an infinitely worse case, and is fraught with much greater mischief to the general welfare. (*See the evidence in general.*)

We humbly represent to your Majesty that the persons who give these answers, and hold these opinions, and are in this alarming state of ignorance and bigotry, have it in their power to do much more evil than the other ill-qualified teachers to whom we referred in our report on the condition of Young Persons employed in Mines and Factories, inasmuch as those were voluntary instructors of youth, who can be removed at will, and as the public improvement demands, whereas these are the appointed Sunday teachers of the empire, forced by law upon your Majesty's subjects, and not removable for incompetence or misconduct otherwise than by certain overseers called Bishops, who are, in general, more incompetent and worse conducted than themselves. Wherefore it is our loyal duty to recommend to your Majesty that the pecuniary, social, and political privileges, now arising from the degradation and debasement of the minds and morals of your Majesty's subjects, be no longer granted to these persons ; or at least that, if they continue to exercise an exclusive power by conferring Learned degrees and distinctions, the titles of the same be so changed and altered, that they may in some degree express the tenets in right of which they are bestowed. And this, we suggest to your Majesty, may be done, without any great violation of the true Conservative principle : inasmuch as the initial letters of the present degrees (not by any means the least important part of them) may still be retained—as Bachelor of Absurdity, Master of Arrogance, Doctor of Church Lunacy, and the like.

All which we humbly certify to your Majesty.

THOMAS TOOKE (L.S.).

T. SOUTHWOOD SMITH (L.S.).

LEONARD HORNER (L.S.).

ROBT. J. SAUNDERS (L.S.).

THE DRAMATIC IN DICKENS

By PERCY MERRIMAN

THOSE who search the writings of Dickens in the hope of finding good material for readings, recitations, character studies, playlets or plays, will not be disappointed; on the contrary they will owe an immeasurable debt of gratitude to the Master Novelist. The search can never be lengthy or unproductive unless the would-be entertainer is very difficult to please. Dickens's works literally abound in passages full of possibility to the reader or actor. What writer can be recalled since Shakespeare himself whose name so constantly creeps into the concert programme? What other writer is there whose personality and works are so often the subject of an evening's entertainment? And it would be futile even to imagine the number of articles, papers, discussions, lectures, and dramatic performances to which the magic pen of Dickens has given rise!

And how many versions have been prepared for the stage from those wonderful books of his! They may or may not all have been successful—we are not concerned with that question now, though Mr. Martin Harvey's production of *The Only Way* (an adaptation from *A Tale of Two Cities*), Mr. Arthur Bouchier's memorable representation of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree's recent triumph, *Oliver Twist*, are sufficient proof of the success with which Dickens may be dramatized in modern times.

For the character actor and reciter there are remarkable scope and illimitable opportunity. Which do you prefer?—the humorous, farcical, pathetic, descriptive, exciting, imaginative, fanciful, or the terrible? They are all here. Would you draw tears, inspire terror, provoke a smile, arouse excitement, charm with tender sentiment, or convulse with honest downright laughter? Here is all the material you require. All that is necessary on your part are the gift of rendering faithfully and so doing justice to your author; profound love for the creator of the work on which you are engaged; sympathy, patience, enthusiasm, and excellent judgment in selection.

One wonders how much of *Pickwick*, *Copperfield*, and *A Christmas Carol* has been recited and how often! No! the question is rather "How much of them has *not* been recited?" Sir Squire Bancroft, Charles Clark, Bransby Williams, Ernest Cherry, Frank Speaight, John Duxbury, John Harwood, and hosts of others have shown us those dramatic possibilities, and have imparted a power and a charm to the wonderful words and scenes pictured so vividly for us which we all may not have so fully realized in our own reading. Little could this genial "Friend of the Poor" have dreamed, with even his extraordinary fund of imagination, that his works were to prove a source of such inexhaustible entertainment.

Many men have achieved fame and fortune from the study of his life and work; recitals, lectures, and tours are still being arranged on all sides; and what a wonderful tribute is thus being consciously or unconsciously paid to the big-hearted genius who holds such a large corner in the hearts and minds of all who fairly read him.

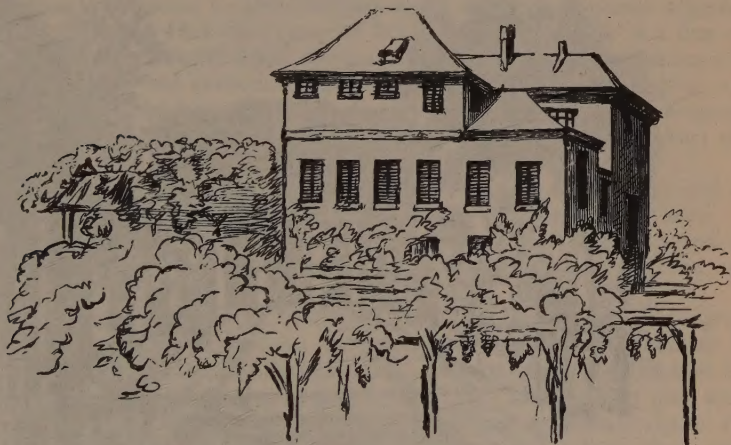
RHENISH AND SWISS DICKENS-LAND

By ROBERT ALLBUT

AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES IN DICKENS-LAND," ETC.

I

IN the summer of 1844 Charles Dickens visited North Italy, residing for some time at Albaro, near Genoa, afterwards in the city of Genoa itself, where he wrote *The Chimes*. He returned to London in November, when he read this, his second Christmas Book, at Forster's house, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, to a select party of friends. The following year he again journeyed southward in preparation of his *Pictures from Italy*, which book was first published in *The Daily News* under the title of "Travelling Letters written on the Road." On 31 May in that year he again left England, travelling by Germany and the Rhine



VILLA DI BELLA VISTA AT ALBARO

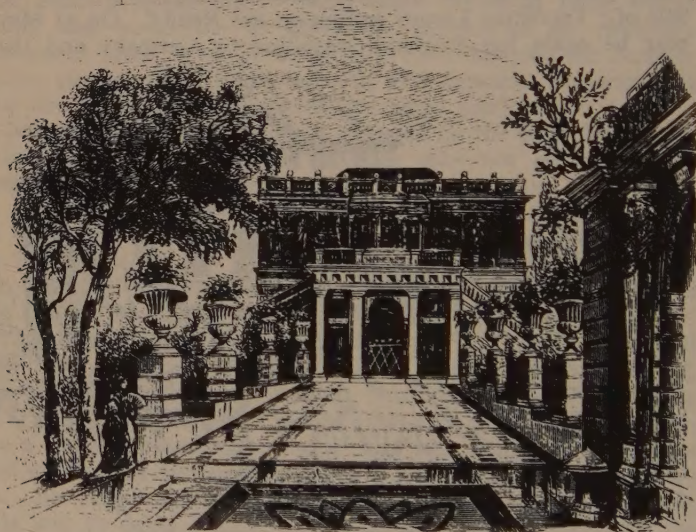
From a pencil sketch by Angus Fletcher

"The most perfectly lonely, rusty, stagnant old staggerer of a domain you can possibly imagine."—So described in letter to Forster by Dickens.

to Switzerland, where he remained for some seven months, residing with his family at Rosemont Villa, in the neighbourhood of Lausanne.

This disposition of events will afford me a convenient peg on which to hang a Dickensian chat relative to the Rhine and the land of Tell—always, for thirty years past, a happy hunting-ground of my own. Nowadays we may take breakfast in London, and ditto the next morning in Lausanne; but sixty years ago the journey of Charles Dickens and family, via Ostend, Verviers, Coblenz, and Mannheim to Strassburg, occupied eight days—thence by rail to Bâle—and three days more by carriage—120 miles—to destination. It seems to me, an old-fashioned *voyageur*, that the old charm of travel is somewhat dispelled by the hurried modes and appliances of modern science. I remember many a time and oft when in the good old diligence style, with relays of thirty-five horses from start to finish, we journeyed in leisurely

fashion, on the sixty miles of road between Geneva and Chamonix, by Cluses and Sallenches, with certain resting-places and cordial reception *en route*; and I recollect the frequent and pleasant trudgings pedestrian by the way, with wild strawberries galore, easing the cattle uphill towards the end of the day. Where is the civil *Monsieur le Conducteur* on the diligence and carriage road over the Brunig from Alpnach to Brienz, and the busy landlady at the "Lion d'Or" at Lungern, with her cheerful greeting of "Come along, father," as I used to stop half an hour every fortnight on the way from Lucerne to Interlaken? Or the glorious climb on Shanks's pony up the Rigi? Or over the Wengern Alp, not far from the silver robes of the Jungfrau? These things have been, but are not, and never more shall be.



PALAZZO PESCHIERE, GENOA

From a drawing by Batson

Dickens and party took residence here, in palatial quarters, during the last week in September, 1844, remaining for about two months. His Christmas Book, above referred to, being completed, he returned to London as stated.

But let us now follow the same route as taken by our "bonnie Prince Charlie," and get a peep or two of the Rhine, Strassburg, and Bâle as we proceed.

The six hours' journey by steamboat from Cologne to Coblenz is comparatively uninteresting. From the latter point, however, whence Dickens and suite commenced their travel by the river, the more picturesque and romantic scenery fairly comes under review.

There are not many lions at Coblenz. Dickens and his party were able to make the round before dinner-time, and on the following morning to effect a peaceful invasion of the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine, on the opposite side of the river. It is built on a precipitous rock four hundred feet above the water. Cards of admission procurable at the commandant's office. Provided

with these we can successfully follow in the Dickensian footsteps, challenge the Prussian sentries, posted at many turnings on the road, and scale the topmost height of the garrison.

From this point, then, we travel onward in the company of Charles Dickens, who embarked with his family and courier during the first week in June, 1846, *en route* for Switzerland. In such genial association we may the better enjoy the many attractions and beauties of the southward journey.

At Mayence, on the occasion of the Dickensian journey, there came aboard the boat a German gentleman on the look-out, who soon afterwards accosted Mrs. Dickens in excellent English: "Our papers say that your countryman, Mr. Dickens, is travelling this way just now. Do you know him, or have you passed him anywhere?" Explanations ensued, and it transpired in the course of conversation that Dickens had with him a letter of introduction to this gentleman's brother, residing at Worms, so that they soon got on friendly terms together. "Worms," said Dickens in one of his homeward letters, "is a fine old place, though shrunken and decayed in respect of its population, with a picturesque old cathedral standing on the brink of the Rhine, and some brave old churches shut up and so penned in and overgrown with vineyards that they look as if they were turning into leaves and grapes."

Of course, among other sights in the city of Worms Dickens did *not* see the Luther Monument, erected 1868, twenty-two years later. It stands important, with its central figure of the great Reformer and the statues of his forerunners in Europe—Wickliffe, Waldo, Huss, and Savonarola.

No special adventures befell the party on their Rhenish progress, but Forster records that on the same steamer a not unfamiliar bit of character came under observation. Two travelling Englishmen had got an immense barouche on board with them, and had no plan whatever of going anywhere in it. One of them wanted to have this carriage wheeled ashore at every little town and village they came to. The other was bent on "seeing it out," as he said—meaning, Dickens supposed, the river, though neither of them seemed to have the slightest interest in it. "The locomotive one," said the Master, "would have gone ashore without the carriage, and would have been delighted to get rid of it; but they had a joint courier, and neither of them would part with him for a moment; so they went growling and grumbling on together, and seemed to have no satisfaction but in asking for impossible viands on board the boat, and having a grim delight in the steward's excuses."

Arriving at Strassburg, a halt was made for a cursory visit to some of its principal attractions. This city originally belonged to the German Empire; but for nearly two hundred years formed part of the French dominions. It has now got back again into the hands of its former masters, having been besieged by the Prussians in 1870, surrendering on 28 September in that year. Here Dickens visited the cathedral, one of the most noteworthy buildings of its kind in Europe, rich in sculpture, statuary, and bas-reliefs—a splendid specimen of Gothic architecture.

It has stood the best part of a thousand years, and has suffered but little at the hands of Time, though a good deal on the occasion referred to, at the hands of Bismarck and Company. There is in this cathedral a clock of which all the world has heard—mechanical, astronomical, apostolical, and ornithological—certainly a very pretty timepiece. The Germans have no excuse for unpunctuality, as they have the clock at Strassburg, as well as their "Watch on the Rhine."

From Strassburg Dickens and party travelled, on 8 June, by the then newly opened railway to Bâle, the front door of Switzerland, resting for the night at the Hôtel des Trois Rois, near the Old Bridge.

Early on the following morning, the party commenced their travels in the land of Tell in three carriages with two horses to each, taking



ROSEMONT VILLA

"My little study is upstairs, and looks out from two French windows opening into a balcony, on the lake and mountains. There are roses enough to smother the whole establishment of *The Daily News* in."—Dickens to Forster.

three days for the journey from Bâle to Lausanne—an average of forty miles a day—via Delémont and Bienne. The travel was unrelieved by incident, excepting at an inn on the road, where one of the coachmen quarrelled with the landlord, complaining of the food supplied. After various defiances on both sides Boniface exclaimed, "Scélérat! Mécréant! Je vous boaxeraï!" to which the *voiturier* replied, "Aha! Comment dites-vous? Voulez-vous boaxer? Eh? Voulez-vous? Ah! Boaxez-moi donc! Boaxez-moi!"; at the same time accompanying these retorts with gestures of violent significance, which explained that this new verb-active was founded on the well-known English verb "to box." "If they used it once," said Dickens, "they used it at least a hundred times, and goaded each other to madness with it always."

The family party arrived at Lausanne on a bright summer evening, Thursday, 11 June, sojourning for a while at the Hôtel Gibbon, until

provided with a suitable residence. This was eventually found at Rosemont Villa, which he describes as being "beautifully situated on the hill that rises from the Lake."

The landlady and her husband lived in a small house, like a porter's lodge, just within the gates, and a part of the grounds was farmed by a farmer who lived close by, so that the house was not lonely, though secluded. It was within easy distance of Ouchy and the Hôtel Beau Rivage; and within sight of the Castle of Chillon, Lake Lemán, and the grand mountains of Savoy. In this retreat Dickens remained, excepting occasional excursions, for seven months, writing the first five numbers of *Dombey and Son*. A reference to this appears in his preface to the book, in which he says: "The association between the writing and the place of writing is so curiously strong in my mind, that at this day, although I know every stair in the little Midshipman's house, and could swear to every pew in the Church in which Florence was married, or to every young gentleman's bedstead in Dr. Blimber's establishment, I yet confusedly imagine Captain Cuttle as secluding himself from Mrs. MacStinger, among the Mountains of Switzerland." Here he also prepared his third Christmas Book, *The Battle of Life*, which was published the following December, and dedicated "to my English friends in Switzerland."

The Dickens party made a trip to Chamonix in July, taking the Pass of the Col de Balme on the outward journey from Martigny. They were accompanied by Mr. Haldimand, Mrs. Marcet, and the Cerjats. In a letter to Forster (written 2 August), he says: "Mont Blanc, the Valley of Chamonix, and the Mer de Glace, and all the wonders of that most wonderful place are above and beyond one's wildest expectations. I cannot imagine anything in Nature more stupendous or sublime." They returned by the lower Pass of the Tête Noire.

[To be concluded]

DICKENSIAN HUMBUGS

III. URIAH and SOME OTHERS

By WOODFORD SOWRAY

IN previous issues of *The Dickensian* I dealt with the humbugs in the works of Dickens in two articles,* the first "In General," the second "In Particular." The present article completes the series.

The hypocrite whose name has long been synonymous with affected humility, and whose characteristics are more widely known than most, is Uriah Heep. It is curious that although Uriah the Hittite of the Bible, so far as we know, was no hypocrite (he *may* have been, and thus paved the way to his wife's unfaithfulness, but history is silent on the point, and speculations *à la* Chadband will not elucidate it), and was in truth a very ill-used, and probably a very brave, man, yet his name is now and for all time indissolubly associated with a mean, grovelling, detestable, hypocrisy, having sordid and vindictive aims. So convincing and real appears the Uriah of fiction, and so inseparable the name from the malignant character to which Dickens assigned it, that I am inclined to think the chances of its appearance in baptismal registers nowadays are small indeed. We all know the names of the

* May and June, 1905.

Old Testament have, as the phrase goes, "gone out of fashion," and that Isaac, Jacob, Benjamin, and to some extent Joseph,—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and to some extent John, have been displaced by Hugh, Percy, Cyril, Bertie, and so forth. But what parents who have read or heard of *David Copperfield* would venture to name their darling boy Uriah, though they wished for a "Bible name" for the dear child? There is little doubt that Boz has caused the disappearance of Uriah as a "Christian" name in our days. Personally I have only known one Uriah in my life, and *he* was no hypocrite, but rather a jolly-tempered, merry-faced man. Anyhow, Uriah and 'umbleness are linked together in our minds for ever. It is odd, too, that although the *h* in humble is silent, and the word is the same with or without it, yet somehow the word printed without the *h* seems to convey a more cringing, fawning, servile sound as spoken by Uriah. Whether Dickens had in his mind any particular person in drawing this portrait is very doubtful; probably some servile creature suggested him in part and fertile fancy filled in the details, and coloured the picture. The usual minute details present him to the reader looking through a little window of the lawyer's office in Canterbury to which dear old Betsey Trotwood takes David Copperfield to arrange for his entry into legal life.

Heep represents again a distinct type of moral humbug. His touch-word all through, as he constantly reiterates, is—"Be 'umble!" and outwardly "'umble" he remains until he has, as he thinks, gained his ends, only to be exposed and overthrown finally by the irrepressible Micawber. He does not veil his real aims with sanctimonious speech, except casually—as when he tells Master Copperfield that his father, whose calling was humble—a sexton—is now "a partaker in glory." Humility is his stock-in-trade. After he has induced Agnes's father to make him a partner he tells David so plainly. "Father and me was both brought up at a foundation school for boys, and mother was likewise brought up at a public sort of charitable establishment. They taught us a deal of 'umbleness. 'Be 'umble, Uriah,' says father to me, 'and you'll get on. Be 'umble,' says he, 'and you'll do.' And really it ain't done bad. I am very 'umble to the present moment, Master Copperfield; but I've got a little power!"

Very true to life all this, as we all know, but Uriah only gives Davy a partial view of the cunning workings of his despicable mind. He still keeps an impenetrable veil over the hypocrisy with which he obtains entire ascendancy over Mr. Wickfield until the poor gentleman's character and health are undermined by drink, and his judgment enfeebled, when he becomes a mere puppet in Heep's hands, and his business falls entirely under the astute hypocrite's control. How he so manipulates affairs that the sweet, patient Agnes becomes the price to save the father from ruin, and how the vile scheming is unmasked and the schemer exposed by the redoubtable Micawber, and how Davy, his child-wife dead, and himself a famous author, subsequently visits Uriah, now known as *Number 27*, in one of Her Majesty's prisons, are well known. Here he poses as a repentant criminal, but is in reality a bigger hypocrite than ever.

"A large, hard-breathing, middle-aged, slow man, with a mouth like a fish, dull staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright on his head, so

that he looked as if he had just been all but choked and had that moment come to." He is a well-to-do cornchandler in the nearest town. You guess who this is—no other than Uncle Pumblechook, who always dines with Mrs. Joe Gargery on Christmas Day, and brings with him, always with the same speech, "a bottle of sherry wine, mum, and a bottle of port wine, mum." To my mind Mr. Pumblechook is the most amusing humbug in the whole gallery. He is very patronizing to honest, simple Joe, the blacksmith, and still more so to little Pip in a way that must be irritating to any healthy, right-minded boy. He regards himself as Pip's guide, philosopher, and friend, and his dull, pompous nature leads him to display his friendly care for the boy by dull discoursing and admonishing, by rubbing up his hair the wrong way, and by catechizing him at all times and seasons. Thus he discourses on pork (after feeding heavily at the Christmas dinner) and refers to the gluttony of swine as an example to the young. He admonishes Pip "to be ever grateful to them which brought him up by hand." When Pip goes to Pumblechook's house to be taken to Miss Havisham's, and politely bids the great man good morning, that worthy pompously responds—"Seven times nine, boy?" "How," says Pip, "should I be able to answer, dodged in that way in a strange place, on an empty stomach? I was hungry, but before I had swallowed a morsel, he began a running sum that lasted all through the breakfast—seven? and four? and eight? and six? and two? and ten? (and so on). And after each figure was disposed of, it was as much as I could do to get a bite or a sup before the next came; while he sat at his ease guessing nothing and eating bacon and hot roll, in a gorging and gormandizing manner." When they get to Satis House and are waiting at the gate, even then Mr. Pumblechook says, "and fourteen?" and finally leaves him with a reproachful delivery of, "Boy, let your behaviour here be a credit unto them which brought you up by hand." Pip was still fearful that he would even then come back to propound through the gate, "and sixteen?" But he didn't.

However, he comes over to the blacksmith's cottage in the evening, gaping with curiosity to know all that has occurred at the mysterious house, with fishy eyes and mouth wide open. Pip, like most boys in a like position, is disinclined to tell. "Leave him to me, mum," says Pumblechook. "First of all (to get our thoughts in order), forty-three pence?" Pip is inclined to answer "Four hundred pounds," but thinks better of it and makes a shot somewhere about eighteenpence off, whereupon the impostor puts him through the pence table from twelve pence one shilling, up to forty pence make three shillings and fourpence, and winds up with—"Now, boy, what is forty-three pence?" To which poor worried little Pip answers, "I don't know."

I dare say many of us have vague recollections of being badgered in this fashion in our young days. It is generally ignorant, self-important, pompous people who delight in this, under a mistaken idea that they improve the young ideas, and brighten their intelligence. The Pumblechook system is satisfactory to the Pumblechook breed, but to no one else. We have another episode later illustrating another trait of this impostor—that whatever happens in Pip's affairs in relation to Miss Havisham, *he*, Pumblechook—the benefactor—knows all about

it, and that Pip has to thank *him* for his good fortune. The humorous scene of Joe Gargery's return from Satis House with the money for Pip's apprenticeship, the burning curiosity of Mrs. Joe, and the "fearful impostor," the smug pretences of the latter of knowing all about the business—"It's more than that, mum"—"Good in you, Joseph; go on"—"Follow her up, Joseph," etc.)—is one that will be readily recalled as a life-like illustration of the Pumblechook type of hypocrite. This is followed by the amusing incident of the ceremony of apprenticeship at the Town Hall, and then by the dinner at the "Blue Boar," with Pip very sleepy and Pumblechook master of the ceremonies.

How like real life again is the greasy servility of the impostor when Pip's "great expectations" appear to be realized, the time-serving flattery, to the extent of ordering people to stand out of the youth's way, and so on. Equally so, if less amusing, is the changed demeanour of the man when the golden vision has faded, the young fellow returns poor, ill in body and depressed in spirit, and is met with pompous reproaches and admonitions from the self-styled "founder of fortunes" who had fawned upon him.

In the brief limits of a paper like this one is unable to fully illustrate many little touches and side-lights which Dickens gives to his characters. I have enlarged so much on this particular hypocrite because he is to me the most amusing. He is for that reason my favourite humbug in the gallery. He is nearly disgusting in his hypocrisy, and he certainly is irritating and contemptible. It is a common type of humbug which is always ready to worship the rising sun, to be on the winning side, to hob-nob with wealth and power, to pose as benefactors, and take credit for achievements in which they have had no part. It is easier for poor humanity to be a Pumblechook than to be a Heep or a Pecksniff; and so if you study human nature you will find the former in great variety.

The lesser lights in this constellation are well worth studying. The quick-witted, facetious Jingle, voluble though jerky, living by his wits and ready tongue, will always be remembered for his capital descriptions of the Bull Inn and the Cathedral at Rochester, and the more amusing, though certainly less true, account of that wonderful single-wicket match he played with his friend the Colonel—Sir Thomas Blazo—in the West Indies, when the natives who had to scout for the ball fainted and Sir Thomas, supported by two natives, couldn't bowl him out and fainted also. "Sun so hot—bat in blisters—ball scorched brown—five hundred and seventy runs—rather exhausted—Quanko Samba last man left—mustered up remaining strength—bowled me out—had a bath, and went out to dinner." A merry humbug this, whom we like none the less for the contrition and gratitude he displays when Pickwick befriends him, broken down, in abject poverty in the Fleet Prison.

Another humbug of the merry, lighthearted type, glib and persuasive, especially when trying to borrow, is Montague Tigg, who afterwards blossoms forth as the Director of the Anglo-Bengalee Insurance Company. Who shall say how many Montague Tiggs there are in this city of London, not facsimiles perhaps, but pursuing the same tactics, with the same ready tongue and bland demeanour, always playing the same game of fleecing the unwary. These are the men who look upon

confiding investors as their lawful prey, and their name is legion, as the newspapers every day testify.

Of quite a different type of humbug is Silas Wegg, the literary man with a wooden leg, whose trick of dropping into poetry commends him to the notice of the Golden Dustman. He is a humbug of the low, sordid type, seeking to injure the man who has befriended him for his own pecuniary benefit.

Mr. Thomas Sapsea, Mayor of Cloisterham, is the last humbug added to the gallery by the master. He is remembered best by that wonderful epitaph he composed to the memory of his wife Ethelinda and the glorification of himself. He modelled his style and dress by the Dean, and tried to imitate him in tone and voice when conducting his auctions. He is pompous, inflated, conceited, self-important, and very ignorant. There was much local controversy at the time as to whether Dickens had any particular person in his mind when portraying Sapsea. He was once asked (by, I think, Mr. Luke Fildes) whether any particular Mayor of Rochester suggested the character. He replied, "Oh! no; any provincial mayor will do, they are all alike." May we not hope, however, that in this as in other matters, we have advanced in the twenty-five years that have elapsed since *Edwin Drood* was written, and that Dickens's humorous expositions, if they have not eliminated the sham and humbug, have at least taught the community to recognize and reject them?

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XX

O H! mighty heart that ceased to beat
 So many years ago;
 That with its own impassioned heat
 Set other hearts aglow.
 How in his hand the simple pen
 Became a weapon strong,
 To rouse the sleeping souls of men,
 And to redress the wrong.
 For ever blessed be that hour
 When first he saw the light;
 A creature formed with will and power,
 To battle for the right;
 To wage on many a bloodless field,
 Ranged on the weaker side,
 The cause of souls, oppressed and poor,
 For whom our Saviour died.
 The secret spring of mirth and tears
 He touched with ease at will;
 In many hearts through many years
 A touch vibrating still.
 More widely known, and loved, that name,
 While lesser lights burn dim,
 The world he brightened by his fame
 Will think and dream of him.

A. KATHERINE BEDFORD
 (in *Leeds Budget*).

RHYMES ON DICKENS AND THACKERAY

In *Notes and Queries*, 12 September 1863, appeared the following satirical lines:—

A splendid muse of fiction has Charles Dickens;
But now and then, just as the interest thickens,
He stilts his pathos, and the reader sickens.

Who sees but ridicule in good, like Thackeray,
And gloats on human stains in black array,
Of Heaven's light most surely doth he lack a ray.

These are directed at the weak points of the two writers, and readers of *Notes and Queries* were invited to give six lines, with the same rhyme-words, addressed to the strong points of the two. The following were sent in:—

Home is made happier by the works of Dickens;
Of one and all—the sire, the “little chickens,”
Also their “dam”—the joyous pulse he quickens.

Ah! blest relief from pages and sacchary,
Give me the writings of that foe to quackery,
The bold, the keen-eyed—entertaining Thackeray.

His homely characters, our great Charles Dickens
Into real living household inmates quickens—
Subtle as snakes, or innocent as chickens.

With trenchant wit, our William Makepeace Thackeray
Keeps caustic truths in anything but slack array
And in gibe, of genius we can track a ray.

Later, a correspondent who had been present at the burial of Thackeray at Kensal Green sent the following, with a line added.

Intensely human is thy soul, Charles Dickens!
Moral and social good to life it quickens!
The bond of common blood and nature thickens
In lordly halls and where the poor man sickens.

Who does not mourn departed Thackeray?
And feel—though hid by clouds in black array—
His “silver-lined” genius shall ne'er lack a ray?

Would any reader of *The Dickensian* care to send us variations on the above six lines?

WASHINGTON IRVING AND MINT JULEPS AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER

By JOHN C. ECKEL
(of Philadelphia)

DURING Mr. Dickens's second visit to America he wrote a letter dated Washington, 5 February, 1868, to Mr. Charles Lanman, an extract from which reads as follows:—

“Your reference to my dear friend Washington Irving renews the vivid impressions reawakened in my mind at Baltimore the other day. I saw his fine face for the last time in that city. He came there from New York to pass a day or two with me before I went westward, and they were made the most

memorable of my life by his delightful fancy and genial humour. Some unknown admirer of his books and mine sent to the hotel a most enormous mint julep, wreathed with flowers. We sat, one on either side of it, with great solemnity (it filled a respectable-sized paper), but the solemnity was of very short duration. It was quite an enchanted julep,

Darwin's Hotel.

Dear Third March 1842.

My dear Sir

I am truly obliged to you for the beautiful and delicious mint julep you have so kindly sent me. It's quite a treat, that I knew what it was. I have tasted it, but would further proceedings until the arrival of Washington Irving whom I expect to dine with me, late a little; and who will help me to drink your health, with many thanks from
Charles

Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

- Gay to mail

and carried us among innumerable people and places that we both knew. The julep held out far into the night, and my memory never saw him afterward otherwise than as bending over it, with his straw, with an attempted gravity (after some anecdote, involving some wonderfully droll and delicate observation of character), and then as his eyes caught mine, melting in that captivating laugh of his which was the brightest and best I have ever heard."

After a lapse of twenty-six years, despite his wonderful memory of men and events, Mr. Dickens was unable to recall the sender of the "enchanted julep." When the great novelist visited Philadelphia in 1842 he stayed at Guy's Hotel, then and for many years thereafter conducted by William Guy. The latter's great-grandson, Mr. E. Guy Miller, now manager of the Hotel St. James in Philadelphia, loaned to

the writer the letter herewith reproduced, which throws the required light on an episode which evidently was always kept green in Mr. Dickens's memory. The letter has been carefully guarded as it was handed down from one generation to another, and it is now one of Mr. Miller's most precious possessions. It is bright and clear, and the sixty-four years have left few marks of age on the epistle.

It will be noted that Mr. Dickens, in his letter quoted at the beginning of this article, with his fine modesty and extreme graciousness attributed to the sender an admiration of "his (Irving's) books and mine." The julep was sent as a token of esteem for the English writer, and the American novelist became a sharer in the joys of the julep only through Mr. Dickens's invitation.

The writer has before him a book published by G. P. Putnam and Sons, New York, in 1870 entitled *Charles Dickens; a Sketch of His Life and Works*, by I. B. Perkins. In this rather admirable though unknown publication the author devotes pages 140-6 to a paper published by Mr. Lanman in the *Washington Chronicle* shortly after Mr. Dickens's death, in which Mr. Lanman (who by the way was also an author) tells of his relations with Charles Dickens. Mr. Lanman dwells particularly on the beautiful friendship existing between the English author and Washington Irving. He refers to the mint julep episode upon which it has been sought to furnish additional information in the unpublished letter written by Charles Dickens to the sender of the desirable American drink.

AN EXAMINATION IN DICKENS'S WORKS

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.—In order that the series of examination papers may be concluded with the December issue, it is decided there shall only be eleven papers, instead of twelve, as originally announced. The last one will therefore appear in the November issue, and the answers and the result of the competition in the December issue.

FULL instructions for competitors will be found in previous issues of *The Dickensian*. The latest date for receiving papers for this month's set of questions is 18 August.

VIII—DAVID COPPERFIELD

1. An elderly man and a lad in his teens respectively, gave David much annoyance in London. State particulars.
2. Under what impression did a good friend offer David coach fare—180 miles to Yarmouth?
3. What is a Dodman, and by whom is the term mentioned?
4. When and where did David's experience resemble that of a well-known character of romance?
5. Give name of gentleman in the Horse Guards, reported as once using impolite language.
6. The identification of a well-known provincial hotel is rendered doubtful by the use of lower-case initials. Give particulars.
7. To whom did David once convey an unauthorized courtesy?
8. For what purpose did boy and girl meet sometimes, on one of the metropolitan bridges?
9. What provincial towns in England were visited by Miss Mowcher, as specified in this tale?
10. Furnish references to the tragedy of *Macbeth*.
11. Why did Mr. Micawber visit Canterbury, and what was his first impression in regard to Uriah Heep?
12. What was Dora's opinion of Shakespeare?

13. Give reference in this book by which the home of Little Emily at Yarmouth may be readily located.
14. When was Dora spoken of—by one of her own sex—as an “angel”; also Emily as a “devil”?
15. On what special occasions did David take a glass of ale at a public-house?
16. What central erection in South London (no longer existent) marked the locality of an unfortunate business transaction?
17. Quote allusions to Samson, Fatima, Black Prince, Aladdin’s Palace, and the ordinary avocation of a Scotch poet.
18. By whom was Betsey Trotwood reported to have taken a journey to the Continent?
19. Which London residence was specially held in pleasant recollection by Mr. Micawber?
20. Through what town did the London coach, travelling via Yarmouth, pass on its journey; and what was the name of the night coach—London to Yarmouth?

RESULT OF COMPETITION VII

VII—DOMBEY AND SON—ANSWERS

1. Striking of the rock by Moses (Chap. 30); Fire at Pentecost (Chap. 18); The Bible and ministry of Christ (Chap. 58).
2. *The house-warming party*; “East India Director—in a waistcoat, apparently constructed in *serviceable deal*” (Chap. 36).
3. Asmodeus—“*The lame demon in the tale*” (Chap. 47); Siege of Syracuse (Chap. 19); Jericho (Chap. 24); Tribes of Judah (Chap. 39); The distant Jura (Chap. 55).
4. *From the poet Gay*; “’Tis woman that seduces all mankind” (Chap. 56).
5. “Mr. Tox, of the *Customs Department* of the public service” (Chap. 29).
6. In consequence of his being a parliamentary “*Warning-Pan*”; He “always wore *Hessian boots*” (Chap. 36).
7. *The ticket porter* moralized “about *ambition*, which was not * * * made to rhyme with *perdition* for nothing” (Chap. 58).
8. “The Black Badger” (Chap. 22); “The Little Elephant” (Chap. 56).
9. At the servants’ breakfast, on Mr. Dombey’s wedding morning: *Mr. Towlinson* hopes “he may never hear of *no* foreigner *never* boning *nothing* out of *no* travelling chariot” (Chap. 31).
10. *In allusion to Toots*—“the mist from that leaden casket, his brain * * * would have become a genie * * and followed the example of the smoke in the *Arabian story*” (Chap. 12).
11. Susan Nipper referred to “the nurse before *Mrs. Richards*” as having “*habits of intoxication*, for which she was required to leave” (Chap. 28).
12. “Gentlemen, we will now resume our studies,” as heard by the Doctor; *Mr. Feeder* “hears the waves informing him that Dr. Blimber will give up the business” (Chap. 41).
13. When *Tozer* presented an inkstand to Dr. Blimber “in a speech containing * * * 15 quotations” (Latin) and 7 Greek (Chap. 60).
14. Conversing with Mr. Dombey and friends (Chap. 27), *Mrs. Skewton* gave the following version: “There is no What’s-his-name but Thingummy, and What-you-may-call-it is his prophet.”
15. In the servants’ hall, after Mr. Dombey’s downfall (Chap. 59), *Mary Dawes*, *loq.*, “Suppose the wages shouldn’t be paid!”
16. By Major Bagstock: “Sir, he’d have a tub in Pall Mall to-morrow, to show his contempt for mankind” (Chap. 58).
17. *Mr. Toots*, visiting Brighton, is reminded by “the voices in the waves,” that he is relieved from present responsibility to the Chicken.
19. Mr. Ketch (Chap. 22); Conversation, Brown (Chap. 61); Long Saxby (Chap. 51); Jackson (Chap. 61); Smalder Girls (Chap. 41).
20. He called her by the name of a lady at the Court of Bagdad—“*Heart’s Delight*” (Chaps. 32, 48, 49, 50, 57). See *Arabian Nights*.

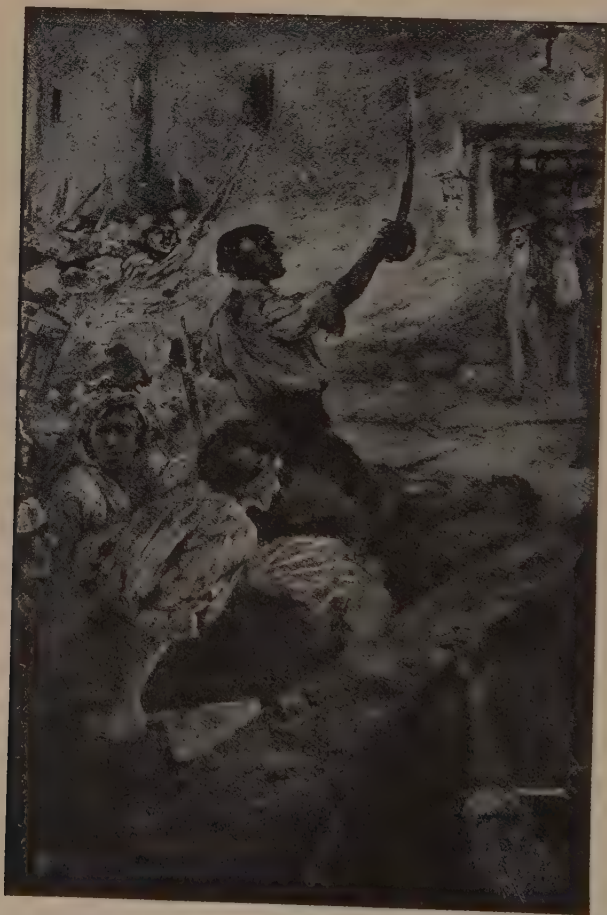
THE SIX LEADING COMPETITORS

Miss W. M. Nash . . .	1569	Miss F. Innocent . . .	1474
Miss M. M. Fowler . . .	1564	Miss Maria Neidermann . . .	1444
Mrs. E. M. Hill . . .	1546	Mr. W. J. Eady . . .	1440

The next two in order have 1389 and 1368 marks respectively.

MODERN ILLUSTRATORS OF DICKENS

THOSE who crave for modern illustrations to Dickens may be pleased with Messrs. Collins's edition of the non-copyright volumes they have issued, half a dozen of which have reached us. Each contains illustrations especially done for the series. These are by A. A. Dixon, W. H. C. Groome, and A. H. Buckland, of whom the former is most



THE ATTACK ON THE BASTILLE ("TALE OF TWO CITIES")

Drawn by A. A. Dixon.

successful. He realizes the characters well in *Great Expectations* and in *A Tale of Two Cities*, particularly in the latter, in which he depicts some of the scenes with much vigour and life. Mr. Groome fails with the character of David Copperfield, whilst we cannot express great pleasure with Mr. Buckland's drawings in *Barnaby Rudge*. By the courtesy of the publishers we are able to reproduce one of Mr. Dixon's pictures.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

ALTERATION OF RULES

A SPECIAL general meeting was held on 18 July at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C., to consider the proposed revision and alteration of rules submitted by the Council. The chief alteration, and the one which affects most of the others, is the rule which provides for an Annual Movable Conference in place of the annual meeting, held hitherto always in London. By this means branches and their members throughout the country will have an equal chance with London in taking part in the one meeting at which the administrative work of the Fellowship is dealt with.

At the Conference, which will take place in London and the provinces alternately, all business hitherto transacted at the general meeting will be transacted, the balance-sheet and report considered and the officers elected.

Members will be represented at the Conference by delegates at the ratio of one for every fifty. Branches will elect their own representatives, whilst those of the unattached members will be elected by the Council.

The other alterations in the rules were minor, and were necessary as bearing upon the Conference. Members will obtain full details in the annual report at the close of the present session.

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

THE Hon. Secretary of the Guild wishes us to announce that a performance of *The Cricket on the Hearth* will be given at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., on or about 26 September, in aid of the funds of the Guild—which, as already stated, are very low. The cast will include Mr. Percy Merriman (under whose management the play will be produced) and Mr. A. E. B. Cross. Tickets will be ready at an early date—prices 2s. and 1s. each. The Committee feels confident that, with the excellent assistance promised, the performance will be a great success, and therefore trusts that members and friends will give it their heartiest support by applying to the Guild Secretary as early as possible for tickets. Further particulars will be announced in our next issue.

Amongst the many letters lately received in appreciation of the work of the Guild is one from the keepers of the Needles Rock Lighthouse, whose lonely watches have been brightened by the parcel of cheery literature forwarded to them not long since; while matrons and secretaries write on behalf of hundreds of sick persons in various institutions who have been similarly cheered.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH

THE Birmingham Branch of the Dickens Fellowship had an enjoyable excursion on 14 July, when over fifty of the members visited Tong. The party went by train to Wolverhampton, and then proceeded in brakes to Tong, the drive occupying about two hours. Boscobel, with its famous oak, was passed on the way. Tea was provided in a marquee, and the party then proceeded to the church, under the guidance of the vicar, the Rev. J. E. Auden, who described the many objects.

CHESTER (U.S.A.) BRANCH

THE branch held an old-fashioned garden party on 30 May, on the lawn of the Pennell residence, on Edgmont Avenue, near Twelfth Street. The members turned out well, and a most pleasant evening was passed. Games

were played and refreshments were served. The evening ended with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the members. Meetings will be resumed the second Thursday of October.

A feature of the evening was the presentation of a fine leather-covered Morris chair to Rev. W. H. Towle, who is head of the organization, in appreciation of his efforts during the season. Mr. McDonough made the presentation speech, which was responded to in a felicitous way by Mr. Towle.

Last month an excursion was taken to Rose Valley, which proved to be most enjoyable.

MANCHESTER BRANCH

THE annual excursion took place on Saturday, 14 July, the country of the famous "Brothers Cheeryble" being visited for a second time. On arriving at Holcombe Brook some members of the party ascended the hill to the Peel Monument "and viewed the landscape o'er." Others, less eager for a climb, wandered into the village, being ultimately rejoined by the climbers at Old Dundee Chapel, where William Grant, the elder of the "Cheerybles," was ordained to the eldership of the Presbyterian Church. Here tea was served. After tea Mr. W. H. Vaughan, Chairman of the Manchester Council, presided over a short meeting, being supported by Mr. John Harwood, Vice-President; Mr. F. Holden, Treasurer; and several members of the Council. Mr. A. Humphreys, Hon. Secretary, briefly described the growth of the Fellowship generally, and of the Manchester Branch in particular. He moved a vote of thanks to Rev. W. Hume Elliot and Mrs. Elliot for their kindness in making arrangements for the comfort and convenience of the party. This was seconded by Mr. J. D. Chew, supported by Mr. W. Cobbett Barker (formerly of the Rochester Branch), and carried with acclamation. Mr. Elliot, in responding, spoke highly of the work the Fellowship was doing throughout the world. He considered it was superior to Freemasonry, inasmuch as it included the ladies. He foretold an even wider influence for the Fellowship than it had yet attained, great as had been its progress up to the present time. In the evening the "Square" Mill—from which Dickens got his name for the "Square" of *Nicholas Nickleby*—was visited, and also the Grant Memorial Church, where the author's famous prototypes are interred, and where mural tablets commemorate their remarkable benevolence. Letters of regret at inability to be present were received from Sir W. H. Bailey, Mrs. Bell (Liverpool Branch), and Mr. J. Cuming Walters (London). Favoured by fine weather, the proceedings were most enjoyable throughout.

MELBOURNE BRANCH

THE June meeting was a very successful one, a large number of members and friends being present.

For some time past it has been thought that the members have not sufficient opportunities of becoming acquainted with each other at the ordinary monthly meetings, and it has been decided that our second annual meeting in September shall take the form of a social and conversazione. The following excellent programme was presented, three new performers appearing for the first time: Paper by Mr. W. Forster on "Criticism in its relation to the assemblies of the Fellowship," full of wise thoughts and suggestions; reading by Mr. Newland describing the experiences of Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley in the "Screw"; recitation by Miss Adele Joseph, "Domestic affairs," from *Copperfield*; reading by Mr. F. Shann describing Christmas festivities in connexion with the wedding of Miss Wardle and Trundle; paper by Miss Bate on Mr. and Mrs. Varden.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

THOUGH denied the pleasure of seeing and appreciating the beauty of the countryside, now in the full glory of the summer garb, the party of necessitous blind people who were taken to Horndean for an outing by the branch on Thursday afternoon, 21 June, enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and from the time they left the Town Hall early in the afternoon, riding in two special cars, till they returned, they frequently expressed their gratification. The members of the Council of the Fellowship spared no trouble in making their guests comfortable, guiding them as they got on and off the cars, and some had their own friends with them to act as guides and companions. At Horndean they enjoyed a substantial tea, and were afterwards entertained by the Portsmouth Police Band. Mr. McDougall contributed a humorous recitation. The arrangements were excellently carried out by Mr. C. Louis de Wolff, and he received kind help from Alderman A. L. Emanuel and Mr. C. E. B. Long, whilst among those who assisted in looking after the welfare of the sixty odd trippers were Mrs. Hawksley, Messrs. Davidson, B. Tilly, Darling, G. D. Reeve-Reeve, Coward, and other members of the branch.

SHREWSBURY BRANCH

ON Friday afternoon, 8 June, under the auspices of the branch, 168 of the poorest children of the town, selected from different schools by Mr. F. Rowland, school attendance officer, were conveyed in brakes to Uffington. On arriving there they were served with refreshments at the Corbet Arms Hotel, where also, after they had indulged in games in a neighbouring field, they partook of an excellent meat tea. Sports followed, and the children were each presented with a useful gift. They had a pleasant drive home. The branch now numbers 107 members. Each year it has done something for the poor of the town. The funds to meet the expenses of this outing were derived from two recitals in the Working Men's Hall by Mr. Frank Speaight last winter. Several members and ladies accompanied the children and assisted in every way in the arrangements.

TORONTO (CANADA) BRANCH

THE closing meeting of the branch for the season took the form of an entertainment for the purpose of raising funds for the support of our "Dickens Cot" in the Home for Incurable Children. The branch gladly took advantage of the visit of Mr. Frank Speaight to America, and secured his services for a recital of *David Copperfield* on 17 May. The recital was an unqualified success in every way. Mr. Speaight delighted the large audience, and the hope was expressed that there would be another opportunity to hear him next season, when it is understood he will return to America for an extended tour. A substantial sum was realized for the Cot Fund. The membership of the branch is now over two hundred.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

"Charles Dickens's Railway Accident," as described by himself and illustrated by actual photographs. By B. K. Field. *Strand Magazine*, July, 1906.

"Marvels in Make-up: A Talk with Miss Arabella Allen" (Dickens impersonations). Illustrated. *Cassell's Magazine*, July, 1906.

"The Clock of June in Clerkenwell" (Pickwick and Goswell Street). By John o' London. *T.P.'s Weekly*, 6 July.

"Scrooge's Conversion." Letter by M.P. *Academy*, 23 June.

"The Purposes of Dickens. IV. The Spirit of Home." By Rowland Grey. *Great Thoughts*, 28 July.

"Flashlights." By Arthur Mursell ("Reminiscences of Dickens"). *Christian Globe*, 21 June.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WAS DICKENS A PLAGIARIST?

SIR,—“Old Fleet’s” interesting letter on this subject in the July issue of *The Dickensian* recalls a still more curious instance, which may be new to your readers. Like “Old Fleet,” I do not claim to be the first to point this out, for my reference is a magazine cutting three years old. In the collected works of Thomas Chatterton, the boy poet, published in 1803, there is a paper entitled “Memoirs of a Sad Dog,” which was originally contributed to the *Town and Country Magazine*. Here is an extract from the “Memoirs”:

“The baron found many things worthy his notice in the ruined chapel. After looking round for some moveable piece of age on which he might employ his speculative talents, to the eternal honour of his judgment, he pitched upon a stone which had no antiquity at all, and, transported with his fancied prize, placed it upon his head, and bore it triumphantly to his chamber, desiring the knight to give him no disturbance the next day, as he intended to devote it to the service of futurity.

“This important piece of stone had by the huntsmen been sacreligiously stolen from the neighbouring churchyard, and employed with others to stop up a breach in the kennel. Nothing can escape the clutches of curiosity. The letters being ill-cut, had an appearance of something Gothic, and the baron was so far gone in this Quixotism of literature that at the first glance he determined them to be of the third Runic alphabet of Wormius.

“The original inscription was: ‘James Hicks lieth here with Hester, his wife.’

“The broken stone is here represented.

h. j. c. k. S. L.
R. E. xxxxxx

“The baron, having turned over Camden, Dugdale, Leyland, and Wever, at last determined it to be ‘Hic jacet corpus Kenelmæ Sancto Legero, Requiescat,’ etc. etc. What confirmed him in the above reading, and made it impossible for him to be mistaken, was that a great man of the name of Sancto Legero had been buried in the county about 500 years ago.

“Elated with this happy discovery, the baron had an elegant engraving of the curiosity executed, and presented it to the Society of Antiquities, who look upon it as one of the most important discoveries which have been made since the great Dr. Trejoil found out that ‘kine’ came from the Saxon ‘cowine.’”

As the writer of the article before me points out, there are many points in this product of the “marvellous boy” which recall very forcibly indeed Mr. Pickwick and his immortal discovery at Cobham. Here are the stone, the equivocal inscription, the ardent discoverer, the learned society, and the reproduction of the inscription. Of course, the Pickwick incident is far superior to this; but one wonders whether, in those early days when Boz spent a considerable portion of his time at the British Museum, he ever happened upon the collected works of Thomas Chatterton.

Yours, etc.,

LONDON, July, 1906.

CHARLES WHITCOMBE.

THE ILLUSTRATORS OF DICKENS

DEAR SIR,—Am surprised to read in the editorial note of your July issue that Mr. W. A. Fraser’s article on Cruikshank in the May number did not please some of your readers. Personally, I am greatly indebted to Mr. Fraser (and many hundreds with me I’m sure) for writing so ably and so vigorously what we all must have been thinking for years. These “atrocious

caricatures" have been tolerated too long, simply because they are unfortunately linked with the great name of Dickens. And there must be not a few Dickensians who would be exceedingly gratified if a considerable number of the drawings which deface many of the novelist's works could be wiped out of the editions altogether. The perfect pages of Dickens should not be marred in this way. Give us Dickens only, or Dickens completely and adequately illustrated.

Mr. Fraser describes some of these efforts as "coarse caricatures," "wild exaggerations," "dreary and dismal failures," "feeble and disappointing to a degree," "ugly, crude, grotesque, incongruous, vulgar, and atrocious."

Of course! And who could honestly disagree with him?

I only wish we had more of Fred Barnard's wonderful drawings.

I am, sir, yours faithfully, PERCY MERRIMAN.

13 CHAMBERS LANE, WILLESDEN GREEN, N.W.

7 July, 1906.

CRUIKSHANK AND "MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK"

DEAR SIR,—George Cruikshank's contribution to *Master Humphrey's Clock* has always been pointed out to me, rightfully or wrongfully, as the drawing in Volume III, page 180, "Miss Haredale crossing the little wooden bridge" (not Dolly, as I hastily wrote in my previous note), and the drawing made by Maclise, that on page 101 in the same volume, "Mr. Haredale haggard and careworn."

Neither of these designs bears the signature of the artist.

STREATHAM, 17 July, 1906.

Yours faithfully,

R. W. D.

[Our correspondent has been wrongfully informed. Cruikshank did no illustration for *Master Humphrey's Clock*. Maclise's picture is "Little Nell and the Sexton."—ED.]

ORIGIN OF SAM WELLER

DEAR SIR,—It may interest your correspondent "Mary" to know that a few years ago there was published by J. W. Jarvis & Son, of King William Street, Strand, a small pamphlet of eight pages, now before me, entitled "On the Origin of Sam Weller, by a Lover of Dickens, together with a facsimile reprint of the *Beauties of Pickwick*, issued in 1838."

It says that on 15 May, 1822, Edmund Kean was announced as first appearing as Wolsey, and the evening's entertainment was to conclude with the farce of *The Boarding House*, the character of Simon Spatterdash to be taken by "Little Knight." This character was afterwards made one of the greatest favourites by Mr. Samuel Vale, the comic actor of the Surrey. Vale introduced his peculiarly novel comparisons in his daily talk with his companions. The odd whimsicality of their nature is best understood on reference to the part of Spatterdash in the comedietta. He tortures his master, Captain Belfast, with his ridiculous sayings. Amongst the queer comparisons set down to Simon are: "I know the world, as the monkey said when he cut off his tail"; "I'm down upon you, as the extinguisher said to the rushlight"; "Come on, as the man said to his tight boot"; "Be quick; well so I will, as the fly said when he hopped out of the mustard pot." The above are sufficient to give an idea of Spatterdash. Then from 1830 to 1836 these sayings became popular amongst the audiences of the Surrey and other theatres. Then we find *Pickwick* bounding into life. Sam Vale becomes Sam Valer, and ultimately emerges from the inn yard in a new suit of clothes, a full Sam Weller. The writer concludes: "It would be the height of absurd folly to charge our much loved entertainer with being a mere copyist, or to think of his Sam Weller as otherwise than an original character, as purely so as any creation in the works of our immortal Shakespeare. Boz may have borrowed an idea, but certainly made no slavish use of it." Yours faithfully,

R. W. D.

STREATHAM, 17 July, 1906.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking, don't it?"—ROSA DARTLE.

ANSWERS

A PLATED ARTICLE.—In W. H. Wills's *Old Leaves gathered from "Household Words"* the author indicates the articles to which Dickens gave "their brightest tints" by his "masterly touches" by a hand at the commencement of the chapter. "A Plated Article," on page 302, is so hall-marked, and one naturally assumed that the article was by Dickens and Wills, although it does appear in Dickens's *Reprinted Pieces*. We have recently had access to the Contributors' Book of *Household Words*, and find the entry is so marked therein as by Dickens and Wills.

EDITOR.

SAM WELLER.—It has been suggested that Sam Weller's living original was Simon Spatterdash, a character in Beazeley's play of *The Boarding House*, whose chief peculiarity lay in his quaint sayings and out-of-the-way comparisons, the part being taken by Samuel Vale, a popular low comedian of that day. The name Weller may, of course, be a corruption of Vale, but it seems more probable that Dickens adopted the cognomen of the nurse of his childhood, whose maiden name was Weller. Vide Kitton's *The Novels of Charles Dickens*, pages 17 and 18.

TONY.

See also a letter on previous page.—ED.

SAM WELLER.—In answer to Mary in July *Dickensian*, I would say Sam Weller is supposed to have been a real personage—a Mr. Samuel Vale of the Surrey Theatre, who was noted for his quaint sayings. A reprint of a scarce portrait of him by George Cruikshank may be found in *Newnes' Picture Magazine* (now out of print). I have two of them, so would send one if I had address. [Please send to the care of Editor.—ED.]

HORACE BROTHERTON.

CRUIKSHANK'S LAST ILLUSTRATION TO DICKENS.—In answer to R. W. D.'s letter in *Dickensian*, I would point out that George Cruikshank did two etchings for *Pic-Nic Papers*; I had never heard that he did any for *Master Humphrey's Clock*, but certainly two of the illustrations on pages 101, 236, Vol. III., look very much like his.

HORACE BROTHERTON.

"THE CHILDREN."—With reference to the inquiry of Helen Brinckman in your April number respecting the poem entitled "The Children," which was said to have been found in Dickens's desk after his death, it may interest some of your readers to know that the author of these verses was Charles M. Dickinson, of Binghamton, N.Y., and they are included in a volume of Mr. Dickinson's poems published in 1889. Mr. G. W. Johnson, of Upper Canada College, Toronto, in a letter to one of the local papers a few years ago, told of how the poem came to be ascribed to Dickens. The story is an interesting one and worth repeating. I quote Mr. Johnson's own words: "When a great writer dies, the newspapers for a time abound with extracts from his writings. It was so when Dickens died. At that time I was sitting one day in the editorial sanctum of Chester H. Hull, a jolly genius who died a few years ago while connected with the California Press. Hull was spouting 'The Ivy Green' and B. F. Taylor's 'River of Years,' and I repeated 'The Children,' which, having taken my fancy, I had committed to memory. Hull asked me for a copy, and I wrote it out as nearly as I could remember it. He deliberately wrote at the top of a sheet of paper, 'Found in his desk when he died,' pasted in the poem, signed 'Charles Dickens' at the foot, and so it came out in that afternoon's paper. I've seen it hundreds of times since, and quietly laughed to myself." The fact that the name of the real author of the little poem is Charles Dickinson may have suggested to Mr. Hull the idea of ascribing the verses to Charles Dickens.

E. S. WILLIAMSON (Toronto).



KIT'S PENMANSHIP

AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CATTERMOLLE

Drawn for *Master Humphrey's Clock*, but never used

[See page 237]